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"What Fools these Mortals be!"

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Suck

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HONOR TO MCKINLEY!



HE FEARED BANKRUPTCY.



AM IN debt to you, I know.
A world of owing this is!
But if you 'll call to-morrow, Joe,
I'll pay you off in kisses."

And, knowing she had lovers right
And left (yes, to his sorrow),
He said: "You 'd better pay to-night;
You may be broke to-morrow."

James Courtney Challiss.

WANTED EVERYTHING CLEAR.

EDITOR.—I shall want about five hundred words
on the subject I mentioned.

NEW REPORTER.—Yes, sir;—about what size
do you want the words?

NO ROOM FOR DOUBT.

BROWN.—Is he absent-minded?

JONES.—Well, I should say so! Why, I've known
him to lend his wheel!

A LIVELY FIND.

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THE AFRICAN TRAVELER. — Ha!
Ha! What luck! Something I have
been looking for for months! An
ostrich's egg.

DARK DAYS.

FRIEND.—I suppose
you've had some hard
experiences?

RETURNED KLON-
DIKER. — Oh, yes! I've
seen times when we had
n't a thing but money.

JOHNNY'S VIEW.

MAMA.—You eat so much
candy it's no wonder you have
a toothache.

JOHNNY.—It can't be the candy, Mama. I eat
candy with all my teeth, and there's only one that
aches.

IN THE CHILKOOT PASS.

"It strikes me," said the ex-Harlemite, as he
made his way forward, slowly and painfully, "that
the Klondike is something like Harlem."

"How?" asked the other ex-Harlemite.

"It needs
Rapid Transit."

WHENEVER
WE can
give anybody
the impression
that we know
more than we
will tell we feel
that we have ac-
complished
something.

A SENSE OF
our own su-
periority and a
hope that it will
ultimately be
recognized are
about the only
things that make
life worth living.



"But where under the sun am I to
carry it? Both grips full to overflow-
ing, and a gun besides? Ah! I know;
—here in my blouse!"



"This is quite a convenient place.
An old school-boy trick for carrying
his books."



"I tell you what, this walking miles
and miles under a hot tropic sun
does n't do a thing but warm you up.
This egg does n't get any cooler, either."

AS NEARLY
as we can
learn, by talk-
ing with differ-
ent people, a
man who goes
to the Klondike
is a fool, and a
man who stays
at home is a
stick-in-the-
mud.

WHEN A man
is his own
worst enemy it
is generally a
rather one-sided
fight.



"What is that? Did n't I hear some-
thing cracking?"



THE NEWBORN. — Good morning,
Mama!



"Good-by, old Incubator!"



THE AFRICAN TRAVELER (as the
NEWBORN vanishes in the distance).
—The next time I go hunting ostrich
eggs I'll bring an ice-chest along.

PUCK.

A COLLOQUY



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I.
"If I were a man," said she, "I'd not
Make people wonder where I could have got:
When people had found me I'd not sit dumb
Till people wished that they had n't come.
I'd not look haughty, I'd not look harsh,
I'd leave off pulling at my moustache
And talk when people talked to me,—
If I were a man," said she.

II.
"If I were a woman," said he, "I'd lure
My friends to five o'clock teas, quite sure:
(Though five o'clock teas my friends can't bear.)
They'd come for the sake of meeting me there.
I'd spend the whole of the time in talk
With the greatest puppies in Greater New York,
Then wonder where my friends could be —
If I were a woman," said he.

III.
"If I were a man," said she, "I must
Confess I would n't be so unjust:
I'd feel for a girl compelled by fate
To chatter and chatter and wait and wait,
When the wrong one comes and the right one don't,
And the wrong one will and the right one won't;
I'd pity that girl just a tiny wee,
If I were a man," said she.

IV.
"If I were a woman," said he, "I'd guess
No end of things one could n't express:
I'd guess the words one dared not say,
I'd guess the part one dared not play —
Guess one's timidity—guess one's woe,
Guess that one I-liked—no, *loved*—me so
One had n't the heart to voice one's plea,
If I were a woman," said he.

V.
"If I were a man," said she, "I vow
I'd ask no girl to show me how
To banish every single doubt
Concerning the points you fret about.
I'd instantaneously understand
That here in her muff she hides her hand,
And that, should I take it, nobody could see,
If I were a man," said she.

Manley H. Pike.

AN EXPLANATION.



"MY DEAR," said Mr. Brown, "if I am not mistaken, one of the numerous organizations to which you belong is the Women's Cold Water Society of the United States."
"Yes," replied Mrs. Brown; "Marie Antoinette Lodge, No. 1762."
"And the motto of the society is 'Agitate, agitate?'"
"Yes."
"And the object is to increase the sale of Wiggins' Washing Powder?"
"Nonsense! The object is to suppress the liquor traffic."
"Indeed? But have I not heard you on numerous occasions during the last three months enthusiastically praise Wiggins' Washing Powder, and fiercely denounce people who do not use it? Have I not heard Mrs. Jones, the Recording Secretary of your lodge, advocate the boycott of all grocers who do not sell Wiggins' Washing Powder? Have I not heard Mrs. Robinson, the Past Grand Worthy Mistress of your lodge, demand legislation to oblige all citizens to use Wiggins' Washing Powder, under penalty of not less than six months and not more than five years' imprisonment for each offence?"
"Oh, well! you see, the proprietor of Wiggins' Washing Powder has agreed to pay into our treasury one cent for every wrapper of the Powder that is returned to him, and we are trying to get the members to use the Powder and send the wrappers to the Society."
"I see. That is why the suppression of the liquor traffic excites a comparatively languid interest at present."

MONEY TO BURN.

"It would be interesting if we could annex the Klondike."
"Why?"
"We would soon have a Senatorial election that would discount any we have seen yet."

PEOPLE WHO think everything should be run to suit them have a big majority; but they can't agree on a policy.

DIFFICULTIES IN THE WAY.

"I believe in an aristocracy of intellect."
"Oh! I don't know! There would be the same old scrap as to who would belong to it."



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UP TO DATE.

NEW YORK CITIZEN.—Here, boy! I want a paper!
NEWSBOY.—White er yaller?



BY WILLISTON FISH.

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XIV.—MR. CLINE.

SECOND-LIEUT. ALBERT MCVAY and civilian John Shaw, late of the army, were pretty close friends. Friendship is a matter of dignity only in men of ripe years and lofty attainment who think only of themselves and a set of old habits; but for mere young men full of mere vigor, who had merely gone through West Point together and afterward merely soldiered together three years, McVay and Shaw were pretty close friends. Between them there was but one subject reserved from speech.

In McVay's eyes the one lovely being who had visited West Point during his time was Miss Ruth Lancaster. On the day of graduation, McVay, accompanied by Shaw, set out on horseback through the country, making a journey to Ruth's home in Syracuse. But on the evening of their arrival in the little city, McVay saw in the local paper carelessly read at the hotel dinner, the announcement of the marriage of Lieutenant H. Ainé and Miss Lancaster. The next morning the men rode away. This was the matter reserved from speech.

The friends had been separated for some months, Shaw having left the army, when McVay stopped in Chicago, returning from a visit to his old home. Shaw supposed his friend had no other purpose than to see him. But there was another matter in his mind.

"Shaw," he said, "is n't Ainé stationed in Milwaukee?"

"Yes," said Shaw, looking away; "he is."

"I am going up there."

Shaw could say nothing else, so he said, "When?"

"Why, to-day! No harm in it?"

"No; there is n't. I'm glad you're going."

"Well, it's four years: I want to see her again. Come with me."

"I'll do it," said Shaw, quite enthusiastic now he found himself included in McVay's plans; "we'll go by boat this evening."

By turns through the day, McVay was sober and boisterous. "These generous words of praise belong to cheap novels. They would have me say that Ainé is, after all, an ornament to his profession, a scholar and a worthy man; but he ornaments his profession only with his clothes; his

brain is a filament and he is a pelican." McVay wished Shaw to see that he preserved the integrity of his mind.

This was in early June. About sunset the friends walked to the dock and bought tickets at a shore office, where they were told to apply on board for berths. They walked onward and looked at the people about: the solitary people, the parties, the drummers, the sad, thoughtful family with the happy, thoughtless children. What a sensation when one sees starting from a gallery of strange faces a familiar face! The friends saw Ainé.

He stood smoking a cigar, and maintaining a statuesque attitude, as if he were a revival of some magnificent

period of art. He wore whiskers parted in the middle, and from these and his look of disdain one could not have inferred less than that he was, in some way, quite unconnected with base business or laborious art or anything else in vulgar particular, of most tremendous and mortifying importance.

"Why, hullo!" said McVay. "How are you?"

"How do do? Where are you going?"

"Milwaukee," replied McVay, largely. "You're looking about the same. How is Mrs. Ainé?"

"Quite well, I thank you."

"Any children?"

"One."

"Boy or girl?"

"We have a little daughter."

"How do you happen here? I thought you had retired. No: that was Souse Johnson. You look so much alike I got the name mixed. Shaw, we better get our berths."

"Oh! have n't you those yet? It is late to get them now. Always in Milwaukee I send my clerk down in advance, and I sent the orderly over from headquarters here yesterday. Oh, yes!"

Shaw and McVay did not allow Ainé to see that he caused them concern, but their elbows and feet took them on pretty rapidly through the crowd. The upper deck was full, and the friends had to take their place at the end of a tail of people at the berth-office as long as the line of Egypt's forgotten kings. The talk at the window was not encouraging. The clerk was constantly saying, "No; those are all." "Anyway," said McVay, "we won't let Ainé know of our outcast state."

"We'll claim we got the bridal chamber."

"Why, of course!" So they pushed along from one leg to the other until they reached the window, where they found there was but one lower berth left, lower 2 in No. 31, which was a double room. McVay took this, and Shaw took upper 1 in the same room.

Ainé, who had waited till the crowd dispersed, now came up and fluttered a piece of paper, saying, "My room, please; lower 1 in No. 31, H. Ainé."

"Another man has that," reported the clerk.

"No, sir! I ordered it yesterday. My clerk—"

"You must have spoken for a different date."

"Not at all," replied Ainé, coldly. But the tone did not freeze the clerk, who shut the window. "Well, I declare!" said Ainé, removing his glasses, putting them in his pocket and immediately taking them out and replacing them over his weak eyes; "this is shameful!"

The clerk came out and locked the door. "Now, see here," began Ainé, "what are you going to do for me?"

"You can have an upper."

"No, sir."

"You can have a cot."

"I want lower 1 in No. 31."

"It's engaged, I tell you."

"We have a couple of berths in 31," said McVay, affably to the clerk; "won't you tell us who has lower 1?"

"I'll go you," gracefully responded the clerk, who went in and consulted the book again. "It's J. C. Cline."

"It's my berth," said Ainé; but Ainé was in disrepute, and no one heeded him.

(Continued on 14th page, this number.)





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A REALIST.

MAMA.—What kind of a dollie do you want, Mildred?
LITTLE MILDRED.—I want one that will cry when I spank her.

HE GETS THE DROPS ON PEOPLE.

JORKINS.—Drugged and robbed! Why don't you have some action taken in the matter?
JOBSON.—I can't. I suppose the fellow had my permission. You see, he was my doctor.

IN PARIS.

FIRST CITIZEN.—Have you ever had any unpleasantness with Monsieur Allons-Marchons?
SECOND CITIZEN.—Nothing worth mentioning. Nothing more than a duel or two.



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THE 17TH.

SANDY MCKINTOSH (*enthusiastically, as the procession goes by*).—Hoot, mon!
O'MALLY (*angrily*).—Hoot them? You red-whiskered sassenach! Hoot thim wance an' O 'll break yez red hid wid dthis cloob!

A LINGUAL TANGLE.

FARMER HORNBEAK.—While I was at the village this afternoon I heard a drummer in Hopper's store say he had jest read that Hi Ching Lang—h'm!—that don't sound right; Hang Ling Chi—no; Lang Chung Hi—er-h'm!—lemme see! It's Hang—no; Chi Lung Hang—Oh, pshaw!—Ching—no, Lung—

MRS. HORNBEAK.—Mercy on us, Ezry! What in time are you tryin' to git off?

FARMER HORNBEAK.—Why, I was jest goin' to say that Hing Lung Chi—oh, drat it! Chang, Lang, Hang, Jang, Dang; or, whatever it is—

MRS. HORNBEAK.—Great day, Ezry! What nonsense are you tryin' to recite? You talk like a dinner-bell!

FARMER HORNBEAK.—I guess I do, for a fact. I was tryin' to say the name of that great Japanese or Chinese statesman.

MRS. HORNBEAK.—Oh! you mean Li Hung Chang. Well, what about him?

FARMER HORNBEAK.—I—I dunno.

AN INSTANCE.

MAY.—Miss Passay has some peculiar opinions.
BERTHA.—Yes; I think she is the only one who considers it singular that she should be single.



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OBSERVATION.

LORD ST. AGNANT.—I say, old man, deuced queer people in this country.
LORD NOZOO.—Yes; neveh let y' know when they're going to tell a joke, y' know.

HOW HE FIXED THE TIME.

FIRST KLONDIKER.—Do you remember the day I got here?
SECOND KLONDIKER.—Of course! It was the day last Winter we did n't have a blizzard.

THROUGH OTHER SPECTACLES.

MOTH.—We're getting up a "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Insects and to Accomplish the Weeding Out of Camphor." Will you join us?
POTATO BUG.—You bet your boots I will!—if there's a clause in it against Paris green.

A GARDEN OF GIRLS.

(Mr. Subbub, of Lonesomehurst, ponders.)



THE FIRELIGHT flashes red and blue
Between the lumps of coke,
(We can't use coal, for if we do
The room is filled with smoke.)
Amid the shadows dancing free,
And wavering to and fro,
Peer out upon my reverie
The girls of long ago.

There's Bridget — ah! she was the first —
Three days we saw her face
And then she went from Lonesomehurst —
She did n't "loike th' place."
Christine, the next, the flaxen-haired
Did not her trunk unpack;
Of burglars she was sore afraid,
And took the "early" back.

Mathilda would n't carry coal,
And promptly turned us down.
Eliza left us in a hole —
We were "so far from town."
The washing hoodooed Ann; and Jane
Of tramps was leery, too;
While Nora paused to just explain
"The neighbors are so few."

The galaxy has fled. I sit
Alone, and stir the blaze,
(For if I don't keep stirring it
The very deuce it plays.)
Alone, I say, like one accurst,
And watch the ashes swirl,
For such is life at Lonesomehurst
When wife must be the girl.

Edwin L. Sabin.

THE PRIMEVAL CAUSE.

"Pardon me, Colonel," began the inquisitive tourist
from the North; "but I understand that the long-continued
Corkright-Bludsoe vendetta is finally over?"

"Yes, suh!" replied the titled son of the Dark and Bloody Ground;
"the Corkright honah has been vindicated at last, suh! The last of the
Bludsoes was wiped out day befo' yestuhday."

"Excuse me, but do you mind telling me how the trouble began?"

"No, suh. It commenced ovuh — h'm! — hah! — let me see! Why,
suh — Ah! Gran'fathuh, what caused yo' great-gran'fathuh and old Rem-
ington Bludsoe to fuhst fall out?"

"Eh?" returned the aged grandsire, raking around in his memory.
"Why, they — h'm! — I believe it was ovuh a brindle pup, wo'th about
six bits."

BLESSED is the man who can not be spoiled by good fortune, nor by
bad fortune.



FLOURISHING.

MISS REDDING.—Well, I don't think they have much of a family tree!
JACK DE WITTE.—No; but there are golden apples on it.

THOSE WONDERFUL DETECTIVES.

"Have you had any success in clearing up that murder mystery, Mr.
Sleuth?"

"Great, sir; great! We have cleared up all doubts as to its being a
mystery."

ONE OF MANY.

CLARA.—Yes; I've attended half a dozen progressive euchre parties.

BELLE.—Did you enjoy them?

CLARA.—Very much! I've become so interested that I am thinking
of learning to play euchre.

COULD N'T PASS IT.

FINNIGAN.—Wuz it th' police thot bruk up th' par-rade?

O'HAULIHAN.—No; it wor Casey's saloon.

A CONTRIVANCE FOR COMFORT.



ARABELLA.—That is a peculiar-looking contrivance you have
attached to the back of your sleigh, Mr. Uptodate.



MR. UPTERDATE (pulling the string as the snowballing com-
mences).—Yes; but it is mighty convenient at times. I have been
out sleighing before.



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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE PEOPLE AND THE PRESIDENT. IT is a point of interest in the great Scheme of Things that a multitude of conflicting opinions may be held concerning most matters. It is also of interest that but one opinion can be held about certain other matters. The variety of opinions as to what makes a wise fiscal policy, a sound money-system or safe immigration-laws is practically endless. So is the variety of opinions as to what must be done to keep the thing we call national honor. But there is only one opinion as to the necessity of keeping it; nor is there any exception to the opinion that the first requisite to keeping it is that we shall not swerve one single hair's breadth from the line of justice to other nations. It may for the moment seem otherwise to one who judges from less than all the facts. He may hear one citizen proclaim that "we ought to declare war against Spain to-morrow," and another that "we can not afford to fight Spain or any other nation," and he may infer therefrom that those citizens are at variance on the main issue. Yet the one opinion back of those conflicting declarations is exactly the same, to wit: "We should make war if justice to ourselves demands it, and we should not make war unless justice to ourselves does demand it."

Either of these citizens would inevitably announce this as his conviction if he stood, for example, in President's McKinley's place. Both would recognize, under that responsibility, that the man who goes ahead before he knows he is right is a weak fool. In other words, these citizens exercise the fullest license in speech for the reason that they are not in positions of responsibility, and because they know such license will not swerve the President from the exact line of conduct which they would follow if they shared his responsibility. On this point we are glad to note that the people are as nearly one as they are on the main point that war should not be made without just cause. President McKinley's thoroughly admirable

behavior has brought out a hearty expression of confidence from the entire country, one that is wholly free from partisanship, or sectionalism or small-beer politics. And this confidence in his coolness, wisdom and untainted patriotism ought to be as much a thing of pride to the people who feel it as it must be to the man who has aroused it. We must have peace with honor up to the very day that we can not have honor with peace. That is all any good citizen means, no matter how clumsily he expresses it; and our President's level-headed realization of it raises him as high in the esteem of his countrymen as any citizen of this Republic can hope to rise.

FOR SPOILSMEN TO PONDER.

INTOLERANCE OF the negro as a citizen and an equal because of the color of his skin is a well-defined and very serious stain upon our civilization. We would look vainly among the most barbarous tribes of the earth for a more frightful atrocity than the one lately committed at Lake City, South Carolina. Denin, "the City of Blood," of which we have lately heard, was a place in which murder was practiced with a truly religious cruelty and a frequency that must have made it tame. But the most sickening diversions of its savage king never equalled in deviltry the performance of those men of South Carolina who set fire to the dwelling of their postmaster, and shot down him and his family as they fled, including a babe in arms in the slaughter.

The evil of it was most appalling and incredible. Yet crimes of this character are not infrequent in the South, and the race-hatred that prompts them, ugly as it is, must be recognized and treated scientifically. We know it exists in the minds of the Southern people, and we know that nothing will put it out but a growth to higher ideals of civilization. They will continue to murder officials of objectionable color until they themselves learn better; and they can not be made to learn better one bit more quickly by forcing those objectionable officials upon them. The victim of this outrage received his appointment as a reward for services rendered to the Republican party. There is reason to believe that he was incompetent, and there is no question but that he was intensely obnoxious to the people he was forced upon.

This being so, it follows that the real instigators of the crime were the men who secured the appointment of the victim. And it follows just as clearly that back of them was the arch-criminal,—the Spoils System. It dictated the appointment of a man known to be objectionable and, probably, to be unfit; and it forbade any heed being paid to the protests of the community that he was unfit and unwelcome. And so, without in the least extenuating the evil of race-hatred, or in the least palliating the inhuman outrage in which it found expression, we hold this utterly vicious system of politics to be primarily responsible for the crime. The people of Lake City, no matter what their prejudices, have as clear a right to a postmaster that suits them as the people of a quiet New England town, who never had a race problem. And the system that disregards this right must be held responsible for its results, whether they are lynchings in the South or harmless boycotts in the North.



LINES ON SPRING.

WRITTEN BY A CITY POET.

I.

EARLY Spring I gayly sing,
Of Spring and April showers;
The season vernal and supernal
Shows now its sweetest flowers.

II.

The golden rod doth gayly nod
To all the passing breezes;
The asphodel or calomel
My vagrant fancy pleases.

III.

The sumachs red their glory shed,
The crowslips dot with scarlet
The upland mead, where anise seed
Hangs free for any varlet.

IV.

The berries ripe and cherries red
Are ready for your pail;
And from a tree I hear the glee
Of robin and of quail.

V.

The chestnut blooms like leafy plumes
Peep out from verdant bowers;
From buckwheat fields a fragrance yields
As from a million flowers.

VI.

And meadow rue and asters blue
Add to the general cheer,
While on the lea the gay sweet pea
Gives proof that Spring is here.

Charles Battell Loomis.

OPEN SESAME.

"A crust of bread?" faltered the pilgrim.
"None," brusquely answered the citizen.
"A pallet of straw?"
"No."
"Any theory as to the cause of the destruction of the 'Maine?'"
Here the portal swung wide, and the mendicant was bidden enter.



CONSCIENCE STRICKEN.

MISS OLETIMER (reading her fate in the cards).—Beware of a fair young man who wishes to marry you. A handsome, dark man loves you despite your coldness toward him. He will be constant even after your girlhood days are past, and will wait long years for you; but, you will refuse him to the end. Oh, Kitty-Cat! I am a cruel, cruel coquette!



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CASTING PEARLS BEFORE

SOUND MONEY!

THE NATIONAL HONOR IS ABOVE POLITICS

A FLOATING DEBT IS AN ELEMENT OF WEAKNESS

SOUND MONEY IS NECESSARY TO OUR PROSPERITY

LET US MAIN-TAIN THE NATIONAL HONOR

SHOW THEM OURS

FINANCIAL REFORM NEEDED

A FIFTY-CENT DOLLAR WOULD MEAN GREATER HAND-SHIP TO THE LABORING MAN THAN TO THE CAPITALIST

FREE SILVER IS RUIN

SILVER SPEECH

Halcyon

BEFORE — SILVERITES.

J. LOTTMAN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

THE SAGE OF KOHACK.

"A" GE," REMARKED the Kohack Philosopher, ruminat-
ingly, "either ripens or sours a man. One
recalls the knocks he has received and lays them
to ill-luck, and growls that he never had a fair
show; another realizes that he was a fool who
fooled with foolishness and got repaid with the
rod which was ordained for the fool's back,
profits by the rewards of his folly, and comes
out ripe, philosophical and wise, as far as the
little wisdom which is vouchsafed to men goes.

"Bein' wise, he don't greatly desire to live his life over
again, realizin' his liability to be a bigger fool the second trip
than he was the first time. To be sure, the grass is n't as
green now as it was when he paddled barefooted in the
dew with the nail of his superior toe turned back like the
clasp of an old-fashioned wallet—the grass is n't as
green, but neither is he. The fish don't bite as freely
as they used to, nor does he. Now that he is obliged to
wear spectacles, all that glitters is not gold; but he is
able to detect a gold brick when it is offered him.

"Durin' my long, and, I trust, somewhat useful career,
I have acquired some bits of wisdom. I've learned
that before submittin' to the inevitable, the real smart
man takes pains to make certain that it is the inevi-
table. I have reached the decision that the man
who says that every man has his price is usually some
feller who is marked away down below cost. I have
noticed that the man who used to have money to burn
can now be generally found sittin' in the ashes. I
have discovered that the wise man always gives his
wife her own way, thus savin' her the trouble of
takin' it, anyhow. The belief has grown upon me



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NOT IN THAT CATEGORY.

FATHER.— Daughter, you know it is Lent and I would like
you to keep your mind off worldly things. You have done noth-
ing but think of that new dress for the last week. I repeat, keep
your mind off worldly things!

DAUGHTER (in amazement).— Why, Papa, there is n't any-
thing worldly about *this* dress. It is perfectly heavenly!

through life; and, while I don't say any one of 'em was a mite too dear
at the price I paid, I believe that the most valuable acquisition I ever
made in the way of a lesson was when I had it beaten into my head
that the best remedy for the trials and disappointments of life is just to
grin and bear it."

Tom P. Morgan.



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NO TIME TO LOSE.

CLERK.— The A. O. H. parade is coming up the street.

DRUGGIST.— Hurry up and take in that "Orange Phosphate" sign!

that very few people believe in hell, except for somebody else. Each year
it has become more and more evident to me that the man who made the
first comic valentines, nine hundred and sixty-one years ago, is still alive,
and has n't thought of anything new since. I have become thoroughly
convinced that the people who make mistakes are the ones who make
everything else; the infallible man who never makes a mistake is keepin'
books on an E-flat salary for the other feller. I have taken notice that
while that romantic old Pocahontas legend is every now and then exploded
by some enterprisin' investigator, he is never able to overcome the multi-
tudinous evidences that John Smith was saved by somebody. I have come
to think that the man who has spent the better part of his life in growin'
a long beard is properly rewarded by discoverin' that the only practical
result of his labors is that everybody calls him 'whiskers.'

"These and many other truths I have learned durin' my journey



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A MATERIALIST.

THE DUCK.— Then you don't believe in the transmigration of souls?

THE ROOSTER.— No; I take no stock in a future life of any kind. I
think that when we're boiled or roasted that's the end of us.

THE HOME-COMING.



HERE IS mud in the highway and byway, and my way
To my cot in the dell from where the train stops
Needs more of athletics than peripatetics,
For I cover the ground with skips, jumps and hops.

How I pick out the high spots and dry spots as my spots,
For places to jump on from this one to next,
With the nicest precision and keenness of vision—
I delight in the game, and never am vexed!

Till at last on the dry land of my land now I land,
And doff my goloshes outside of the door;
And my perilous trip with my bundles and grip
Has successfully closed, and I'm safe home once more!

W. L. W.

"THE ONLY WAY TO READ THE FUTURE IS BY THE PAST."

CASSIDY.—Oh! wurra! wurra! av Oi iver get rid av this hidache, Oi 'll niver touch anither dhrup as long as Oi live!

MRS. CASSIDY.—Thot 's phwat ye wore sayin' th' day afther lasht Saint Pathrick's Day.

CASSIDY.—Ut wore?

MRS. CASSIDY.—Ut wore.

CASSIDY.—Faix, thin, ut 's phwat Oi 'll be sayin' th' day afther nixt Saint Pathrick's Day, glory be!

THE FARMER THE FOUNDATION OF PROSPERITY.

BUNCO BILL.—There 's no use talking, business is improving. The farmers are feeling easier than for four years past.

GRANGER GRIPP.—No dream, Pardner! I can report three gold brick sales, eight checks cashed, and sixteen jays shown around town, for last week, as against nothing but the sale of a ticket to Central Park for the corresponding week of last year.

HIS ADVICE.

EDITOR.—One of my fair subscribers wants to know how to change the color of her hair.

CALLER.—What would you say?

EDITOR.—I shall advise her to marry some nice young man to reform him.

ALL THE world does not love a lover; a certain portion of it considers him a chump.

MAN WAS made to mourn and woman was made to make him.



AN OPPORTUNE MOMENT.

"I'm ashamed to ask you; but if you could—"

"Don't ask me for anything. I've just had to put up my watch."

"Exactly. That 's why I thought you d' be flush."

YOU need something to build you up, to insure a Healthy Appetite, and to bring refreshing sleep. Then, why not try

Pabst Malt Extract
The Best Tonic

It is a Tower of Strength to the Convalescent and a Malt Extract without an equal.

DR. Mary Green, author of "Food Products of the World," says: "For Mothers nursing their Children and for General Debility

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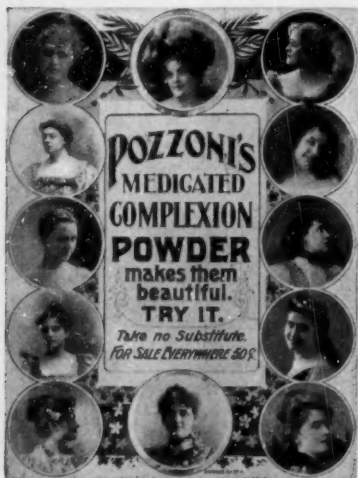
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Highest-Grade Pianos.

CAUTION.—The buying public will please not
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one of a similar sounding name of a cheap
grade.

Our name spells—
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New York SOHMER BUILDING
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MEDICATED
COMPLEXION
POWDER**
makes them
beautiful.
TRY IT.
Take no Substitute.
For Sale Everywhere.

THE devil never has to waste any bait
to catch a loafer.—*Ram's Horn.*

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Who would prescribe only
tonics and bitters for a weak,
puny child? Its muscles and
nerves are so thoroughly ex-
hausted that they cannot be
whipped into activity. The
child needs food; a blood-
making, nerve-strengthening
and muscle-building food.

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-Liver Oil is all of this,
and you still have a tonic in
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and soda to act with the food.
For thin and delicate children
there is no remedy superior
to it in the world. It means
growth, strength, plumpness
and comfort to them. Be sure
you get SCOTT'S Emulsion.

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women can qualify themselves for
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tive book, giving full details,
mailed free.

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52 Second National Bank Building,
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DRUGGIST.—Here
's something that will
cure you when every-
thing else fails.

CUSTOMER.—Oh!
I don't want to wait
till then! — *Roxbury
Gazette.*

"HARD luck," cried
the poor fellow as the
horseshoe over the
door fell on his head.
— *Princeton Tiger.*

LIVING up to ideals
is like doing every day
work with your Sun-
day clothes on. — *Atchi-
son Globe.*

NOTHING gives a
woman more pleasure
than to be allowed to
drive a nail into the
plastering anywhere
she pleases. — *Wash-
ington Democrat.*

ARE YOU A JUDGE OF GOOD WHISKEY?

Then you will be fully satisfied with
the use of

Somerset Club Maryland Rye



Which from
Mellowness of Age,
Exquisite Flavor and
Tonical Effects
Is the
Connoisseur's
Choice.

Used by Families, Clubs, Cafes and Hotels.

Sold at all first-class Grocers and by Jobbers.

EDW. B. BRUCE & CO., Baltimore, Md.

SHE.—Did you see
that Bird of Paradise
on Mrs. Styles's hat,
at the theatre, last
night?

HE.—That was n't
what the fellow who
sat behind her called
it. — *Yonkers Statesman.*

HIS RECOLLECTION.

"What was the face
of the note you gave
me?" asked the man
who sometimes lends
money.

"I can't say," was
the answer; "but I
remember that it had
a very disagreeable
expression." — *Wash-
ington Star.*

Dr. Siegel's Angos-
tura Bitters, a pure
vegetable tonic, makes
health, and health
makes bright, rosy
cheeks and happiness.



THE LOGIC OF THE SITUATION.

MAY.—Do you suppose Belle will buy that bonnet she was speaking to us about?
BLANCHE.—I guess so; she said she could n't afford it.

JOHANN HOFF'S MALT EXTRACT



MRS. KENDAL SAYS: "IT IS THE BEST NUTRITIVE TONIC."
MELBA SAYS: "I USE IT WITH MY DAILY DIET."
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MAKES FLESH AND BLOOD.

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SHOES
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Experience of many
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The W. L.
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best we have ever
made in both style
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Patent Calif. French En-
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Black, Brown and Tan
Vici Kid, on many
styles of toes, new
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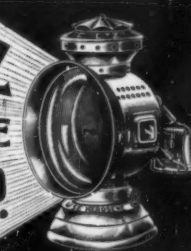
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where on receipt of price with 25 cents
extra for carriage.

Catalogue Free.
W. L. DOUGLAS,
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America.—*Ram's Horn.*

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DIETZ BICYCLE LAMP.



Weights 12 Ounces.
Burns 10 Hours.
No Smoke or Odor.
Stays Lighted.
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R. E. Dietz Company,
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something for the paper with some new
features in it.

REPORTER.—Then why don't you tell
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an ad. from Dr. Woodbury? — *From
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The first and only ale without sediment.

A bottle of Evans' Ale, like the cup of true happiness, has no dregs at the bottom.

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Chas. Healy, Ltd. and Son, London.



Pass on the good word. Abbott's Original Angostura Bitters befriended you. You can make friends by giving good advice.



OUR 30 DAY OFFER \$100

For 30 days to introduce, we will ship a well '98 Model wheel to any one C. O. D., upon receipt of \$1.00. You can make **100 MONKEY** as our Agent. We offer choice of Cash, the **FREE USE** of a sample wheel or outright gift of one or more wheels, according to work done.

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When a sinner turns saint he is apt to overdo it.—*Ram's Horn*.



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Best of all Cocktail or Tonic Bitters.

5 Bottle of this is equivalent to a bottle of the best of the others.

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TALK VS. FIGHT.

AMERICAN-BORN CITIZEN.—I don't hear much about freeing Ireland of late?

IRISH-AMERICAN.—No; this Cuby business knocked us out.

AMERICAN-BORN CITIZEN.—In what way?

IRISH-AMERICAN.—Because, if we Irish talk about th' freedom of Oireland some dommed Anglo-maniac il ask us phy we don't foight fer it loike th' Cubans be doin'!

"PROTECTION" SOAP.—What is it?—ASK YOUR DRUGGIST | WILLARD CHEMICAL CO., MALDEN, MASS.

A GERMICIDE FOR MEN AND WOMEN, AN ABSOLUTE CURE FOR PILES, ECZEMA AND ALL SKIN TROUBLES. SEND FOR CIRCULARS.

SHORT RATIONS.

(Continued from 4th page.)

McVay and Shaw bestowed their goods in 31, and afterward went outside to smoke. At ten they returned. Ainé was prowling up and down the corridor. Nothing was seen of Cline. "Good night!" said McVay. "Going to turn in?"

"I would n't sleep in an upper."

"No; I don't know that I would," said McVay.

No. 31 had four berths, an upper and a lower on each side. McVay turned into the lower on the left. "You get into the other lower," he said to Shaw.

"But Cline—"

"I can't bother about Cline. I want you down here where I can talk with you. Cline will come in, find you asleep, and get into the upper hammock; it's plenty good enough for him."

"He may come in and whip us both."

"And he may come in and get whipped. I tell you, I would n't want to be in Cline's shoes."

"He's probably a big, two-fisted duck who'll eat us up."

"He may be small;—then how'd you feel if you had n't run it on him? I say!"

"What?" said Shaw.

"How many pillows has Cline got over you there?"

Shaw investigated. "Two; you have two, have n't you?"

"Yes. Give me one of Cline's."

Shaw threw him one of Cline's. "Take the other yourself," said McVay, generously.

"Great Scott! You'd leave him one pillow, would n't you?"

"No;—probably he don't use pillows on his bed. We want to try to get along with Cline."

Shaw took the pillow and climbed down. Feet were constantly passing the door. "Mack," said Shaw, "this man Cline sits up all hours of the night; I'll bet he's dead-tough."

"Then we won't speak to him."

"When he comes in, we'll give him his pillows back, and he'll laugh over it as much as we do."

"We are not catering to Mr. Cline's mirth; we'll keep the pillows."

They lay still for a time. The wind was rising. Spray drove in at the open window; the sense of pounding over the waves was delicious. The air blew cooler and the youths desired more bed-clothing—not to keep them warm, but to keep them in confidence. McVay rose, took the covers off the berth above him and arranged them all on his own bed, with an air of quiet generosity.

"Give me some of that, Mack," said Shaw.

"I won't do it," replied Mack; "you want me to freeze? Take Cline's."

"Not much! What time is it?" McVay looked at his watch by the window, and reported that it was 12 o'clock.

"Cline is certainly dead-tough," said Shaw.

"He'll probably prefer to sleep in his clothes, then."

"Well, I'll take one blanket off his bed."

"Of course! Now, take the other. One blanket'll only aggravate

him." Shaw stripped off the blankets. In a nest of pillows, and with abundance of blankets, the young men fell asleep, bidding defiance to rack and wind and Mr. Cline.

In the morning McVay awoke. Shaw awoke. They looked around. Cline had not come in. His bed was a speaking witness to the indignity he had suffered. Full of satisfaction at the courage they had shown, refreshed by a night's slumber through wind and weather, inspired by the rising day and the sight of the pretty city towards which the boat now turned its prow, and McVay no doubt excited by the call he was to make, the youths gayly set about dressing. Presently they went out. The cabin seemed dark and close. Almost at the door they saw Ainé. His hair and whiskers were uncombed. It seemed as if the fire of indignation had burned in his face till it had left only ashes.

"Ah! up already?" said McVay.

"I have not been in bed. I shall make trouble about this."

"And how rocky you look! You can sue for big damages. That man Cline never came around, and we had the whole room to ourselves. Talk about getting berths!"

"I shall have an investigation made by the Company," said Ainé.

Here the clerk came up. "Is Mr. Ainé here? We made a mistake last night, Mr. Ainé. Just look at this register: that is your name, is it not?"

" | " | J. C. Cline | 2 | 1 | 31

"It is, sir, certainly," said the aggrieved passenger; "That is perfectly plain, I believe: *H. Ainé*."

"Well, you see, last night I read it *J. C. Cline*."

"Then there is n't any Cline," said McVay. "Well, this is a fine fraud on us—bothering around to steal his bedclothes and dallying around."

Ainé received the clerk's apologies with no fair acceptance, but Shaw and McVay, affecting to listen to them carefully, assured the clerk it was all right, and told him to say no more. "I think I will call at your house to-day, Mr. Ainé," said McVay, while he was still in a light humor; "I used to know Mrs. Ainé at the Point."

"Oh, yes! she was there once. But you were yearlings then!"

"Met her in my second-class and first-class years."

"You graduated in 188—? She was not there that Summer. You are thinking of her cousin, Miss Ruth Lancaster; she was there then. My wife's name is Maud."

"I thought," said McVay, "that I heard Miss Ruth was married?"

"I am very glad I met you, Ainé, very glad. Come and have breakfast with us. No excuse now—"

"No. Should be glad to have you call, but Mrs. Ainé has gone to West Point for the June hop. I shall join her. In fact, Miss Ruth will be there, too."

When Ainé excused himself, McVay's cup was full. The friends were back in Chicago in three hours, and by night they were away toward the East.



A DIFFERENCE.

She quite despised a lover who
To trade his talents bent;
But joyed to have His Lordship woo,
Because he business meant.

PERFECTLY NATURAL.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER.—Why did Eve eat the apple?

BRIGHT PUPIL.—Because the Lord told her not to.

TOO MANY people think they can work their way into heaven on a pass given them by an ecclesiastical superior.

THE DIFFERENCE.

We've all been taught it is a sin
To steal a single, little pin.
Embezzlement's the proper caper,
Appropriate the whole, blamed paper.

IF YOUR wife has no reason for her advice,
you never make a mistake in taking it.

IT MAKES some women blue to think they
have no excuse for feeling blue.

MOST SUCCESSFUL men are willing to admit
that there is not so much luck in the world
as is generally supposed.

REMODELED.

"Live and let live," we once believed
Some toleration showed;
"Wheel and let walk," these days we think
Would be the proper mode.

QUICK WORK.

JONES.—I married my wife a month after she accepted me.

BROWN.—And I married mine three days after she refused me.

CRITICISM, LIKE charity, should begin at home.

PLATONIC LOVE is merely the first course.



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LYONS**
Silk and Wool Fabrics.
Popeline Olga, Glacé and Plain Poplins.
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IN BEAUTIFUL COLORS.
Battle-Ships MAINE and INDIANA
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All ships of the line in action (12x36.) Drawn from life
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Battle-ship "Maine," 12x18. "Indiana," 12x
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PEPSALT CURES AND PREVENTS INDIGESTION



HOW WE SUFFER.

CUBAN SYMPATHIZER—This Cuban war has caused a tremendous amount of suffering.
COMMON CITIZEN—You bet it has! Just think of having to read four columns of biased reports of it every morning!



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HARTFORD, CONN.**

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DENVER. BALTIMORE. TORONTO.
BUFFALO. ST. LOUIS. CLEVELAND.

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**AT THE
CHICAGO EXPOSITION.**

AWARD: "For excellence of steel used in their manufacture, it being fine grained and elastic; superior workmanship, especially shown by the careful grinding which leaves the pens free from defects. The tempering is excellent and the action of the finished pens perfect."

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Produce each a disease having definite pathology. The disease yields easily to the Double Chloride of Gold Treatment as administered at the KEELEY Institute, White Plains, N. Y., or 358 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y. Communications confidential. Write for particulars.

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An appetiser, promotes digestion, cures dyspepsia, and delicious in drinks.

Those Fine English Tobaccos

Put up by **W. D. & H. O. WILLS** of Bristol, England.

and famous the world over for their superb flavor and exquisite aroma, can be obtained for you by your dealer.

If he will not get them, write to us for price-list of the well-known brands.

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Bird's Eye
Westward Ho
Three Castles
Gold Flake, etc.

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Luxurious Writing!

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Suitable for writing in every position; glide over any paper; never scratch nor spurt.

Made of the finest Sheffield rolled steel, BALL-POINTED pens are more durable and are ahead of all others

FOR EASY WRITING.

\$1.20 per box of 1 gross. Assorted sample box of 24 pens for 25 cts., post free from all stationers, or wholesale of

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No. 1, Fast Express to
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Lv CHICAGO 10.00 a.m.
Ar OMAHA 11.50 p.m.
Ar DENVER 1.30 p.m.

SAKE DAY.

NEXT DAY.

PUCK.

A Ladylike Chronicle.



AS TOWARD the "L" I wend my way
I stop beside the stair,
And buy a paper of the lady
Selling papers there.

And then I mount to upper air
And step aboard—or fall;
I may not sit me in a seat—
The ladies have the call.

Eftsoons I reach my stopping-place—
Get off—seek elevation
To where awaits the lady who
Typewrites at my dictation.

I toil away the busy morn—
The noontide finds me pale—
Then to the waitress lady go
And get my cakes and ale.

Then back to work till dewy eve,
Then home with footstep fleet,
But pause to buy a posy of
The lady in the street.

The housemaid lady opes the door,
Straight up the stair I dart—
Two lips meet mine, and I have clasped
A woman to my heart.

Morris Wright Pool.

